

## You can't break a promise (they won't let you) by LeatherCladNerd

**Category:** IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

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**Language:** English

**Characters:** Bill Denbrough, Patricia Blum Uris, Stanley Uris, The Losers Club (IT)

**Relationships:** Bill Denbrough & Stanley Uris, Bill Denbrough/Stanley Uris, Minor or Background Relationship(s), Patricia Blum Uris/Stanley Uris

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**Summary:**

he made a promise to bill , and he'd intended to keep it. really , he did. when the time came though , he found that he couldn't. in the end he broke his promise.

# **You can't break a promise (they won't let you)**

## **Author's Note:**

**!! TRIGGER WARNING : suicide !!**

please , if you think anything in this story might trigger you , don't read it. there is an implied suicide , and though while i probably won't get too graphic with it , it is there. please stay safe guys , i love you all

## **Summary for the Chapter:**

Stanley get's a phone call and makes a decision, but is it the right one?

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

Hey lovelies ! This chapter contains attempted suicide and mentions of suicide notes. If any of this triggers you , please do not read it. I love you all , stay safe guys !

*Twenty seven years.* It had been twenty-seven years since everything went down. Since the losers became friends. Since they fought the clown. Since they forgot. Stan couldn't believe he forgot, and then he was glad he did.

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Memory, it's a funny thing. People want to believe they are what they choose to remember. Stanley was raised a Jewish boy who followed the rules, never really stepping out of line. He went to school and got good grades, attended synagogue, always wore his kippah, and was just a well-behaved kid in general. Or at least that's what he remembered. After he left Derry, Stan began to forget. He didn't even realize it was happening, really. All the memories he made, all his friends, they started to fade away at such a rapid pace that he couldn't keep up with it. Memories turned into what felt like dreams, but soon those faded too. Sometimes, when he thought about it, it felt like they didn't belong to him, as if he was seeing someone else's

life through his own eyes. Two months after he left he'd completely forgotten, not a trace of the horrors he lived through left in his mind - well, there were the nightmares, but he assumed they were caused by the stress. I mean, what else would be causing him to wake up in a cold sweat, dreams of piercing yellow eyes and too many teeth plaguing his sleep? Now here he sat, twenty-seven years later, on the couch in his home in Atlanta planning a trip with his wife Patricia as he finished a puzzle.

"Should I just book it? You're sure you can get away from work?" Patty asked, looking up from her laptop screen and over at Stan who sat, patiently piecing together his bird puzzle.

"It's summer, why not?" He responded, voice just loud enough for her to hear across the kitchen. A small, barely-there smile graced his lips at the thought of going on holiday with her. They hadn't in a while, what with him being busy with work and all. He was a successful accountant there in Atlanta, a very demanding job, as it turns out.

"Okay, we are Buenos-Aires bound." He could hear the smile in her voice when she said this, the soft tapping of her fingers pressing on the keyboard followed by a few clicks of the mouse sounding out in the otherwise quiet house as she purchased their tickets through the website. He hummed out a soft noise to let her know that he'd been listening even as he kept his eyes on the project in front of him. Stan reached for the last piece of the puzzle, only to realize it wasn't on the table. He could have sworn all the pieces were there when he opened it, so where had it gone? He pulled off his glasses, eyebrows knitting together in a confused manner. He took off his glasses and leaned down to peek under the coffee table, spotting the small piece sitting underneath - it seemed a little too far under for something that merely got nudged off the table, didn't it? Brushing off the odd thought he grabbed it and just as he straightened back up, his phone started ringing where it was placed neatly beside the large puzzle.

Stan picked up the phone and put his glasses in his shirt pocket, puzzle piece held in his other hand as he stared at the caller ID. It was a number from Derry, Maine - who did he know there? A little confused he pressed the small green button on the screen, holding it up to his ear. It was silly how unsettled and on edge he felt all of a sudden, he answered the phone all the time for goodness sake.

"Stanley Uris speaking," He answered, talking just loud enough to be heard, something he did quite often. He was never a very loud person, preferring to stay quiet and only speak when it was needed. The unsettled feeling grew, making his stomach twist unpleasantly as he waited for some sort of answer. Something felt so wrong about this, but he had no idea what. No no, that's not right. He *did* know, and he also knew that he just didn't want to think about why this phone call was happening.

It took a moment for the response to come in. He heard a short pause and an intake of breath, almost like the caller wasn't expecting anyone to answer. "Stan? It's Mike."

"I'm sorry?"

"From Derry."

Now it was Stan's turn to pause, breath hitching in his chest. His eyes widened a little bit as he stared off for a moment. Mike? No, that...He didn't know a Mike. He didn't. He tried to push the rising panic back down, taking a shaking breath to calm himself. He didn't know a...Oh god, he did. Memories that had been long forgotten came rushing back, flooding his brain with images of kids standing in a circle, interlocking their bleeding hands. Kids jumping off a cliff into the water, laughing the whole way down. Kids - kids *screaming*. Why were they screaming?

A clown.

A painting.

*Him* screaming.

The area just around his face began to ache, the scars he never knew the origin of burning like a fresh wound. If he focused hard enough he could almost feel the blood that wasn't there, dripping out of the cuts that *weren't there*. It felt like he was there again, laying on the cold, dirty ground of the sewer as IT latched onto his face in the form of that horrifying flute lady, teeth sinking in. He could just about smell that stomach-lurching scent that filled the sewers once more: the sharp tang of copper laying thick in the air along with sewage,

stale water, and something else he didn't dare think of (which was probably rotting human flesh, his mind chimed unhelpfully; IT did eat children after all. His stomach lurched, and he swore he was going to be sick).

"Mike — god, sorry, yes. Hi. I don't know why I didn't... why I didn't know that," he croaked, giving a nervous laugh and dragging himself out of his thoughts. He knew what this meant, the call; he knew now, and he wished he didn't. "It's uh, been a long time, hasn't it?" His voice was quieter this time, tone laced with so many emotions that trying to decipher them would be almost impossible in that moment. He hoped this was just another nightmare, or that maybe Mike was calling to just check in.

"Yeah, twenty-seven years," Mike responded, his voice just as quiet.

Throwing one glance back at his wife, he rose from his spot on the floor and made his way a little further in the room, stood over by the window with the curtains drawn. Dropping his voice down a little more, he asked in a rather weary tone, "IT's come back, hasn't it...? That's why you're calling me?" It seemed like such a simple statement, one that wouldn't bother most people, because most people didn't know; they didn't know the weight those words carried. Those words sat heavy in his mind and on his chest and his stomach twisted again, stronger this time, feeling like a lead-filled balloon sitting in his belly. It made him want to vomit (not that this was a new development, the urge was just stronger now). His thoughts were blurring together, thinking up excuses for why he couldn't go, why he wouldn't be there. He could feel his eyes burning as he came to a decision. He wasn't going to say it aloud, feeling as if somehow that would make it worse. "What about- Have you called the others? What if they don't come, and—"

There was a quiet rustling, probably papers shifting in the background before Mike's voice spilled out of the phone again. "It's starting again, Stan. Bad things are happening."

Shit, what if there really was no getting out of this? Taking a breath in, he stared down at the wooden window sill and exhaled it silently, trying to clear his mind just enough so he could get back to speaking clear thoughts — but the thoughts just plagued his mind. Still trying

to find a way out of it, he spoke again. "Did you call the others? I mean, what if they don't come, and—" But before the Jewish man could ever finish his sentence, he was cut off by Mike's voice on the other end once more.

"We made a promise, remember? How soon can you get here?"

His mind was racing at thousands of miles a minute, and honestly he felt dizzy. He wasn't ready to die, he truly wasn't, but there was absolutely no way he was going to return to Derry — he'd only be holding them back. Stan was still turned away from Patty, not wanting her to see the way his eyes were beginning to sting with fresh tears and becoming a faint tint of red.

With a very slight shakiness to his tone now, he swallowed thickly and took in another uneven breath. "Um, well, yeah, I would need to do a few things. I would—"

He had been cut off once again by that soft yet stern tone.

"Tomorrow. We don't have much time." Tomorrow...? Guilt flooded him internally at the thought of how distraught his wife would be, how concerned his old friends would be upon seeing Stan missing from the group... but he just couldn't go back. "I'll text you everything you need. I'll see you soon, Stan the Man."

*Click.* The line went silent as the phone call came to an end. He held the phone to his ear a moment longer, staring at the floor. Stan could feel Patty burning holes into the back of his head with her soft, concerned eyes. He vaguely heard her ask who it was, if he was okay, but he didn't answer. *I have to do this...*

"I'm going to take a bath, alright?" A bath. That was odd. Stanley wasn't really one for baths unless he needed to relax after work or a generally stressful day. Even then he never took a bath at seven in the evening. He knew that Patty felt something off about the situation, so he decided to quickly head upstairs into his study and grab eight pieces of paper. One for each of the losers and one for

Patty (an extra one for Bill, too). God, this was going to hurt her so bad and he knew it, but he couldn't think about that. He needed to do this or it was six lives down the drain rather than one. He knew this was selfish, but if he didn't kill himself - god that sounded so fucked up - everyone else would die because what, he was *scared*? What was he even scared of? The clown? Facing his fears? The town itself? Probably all of the above. He spent the next fifteen minutes scribbling the same words down on six pieces of paper, then writing two completely different notes while trying not to cry. He didn't deserve to cry, this wasn't about him. He was doing this for them. (No, you're doing this for you. Don't lie to yourself. You're being selfish. Selfishselfishselfi-)

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*"Come on Stanley, don't be selfish! Quit hogging the popcorn!" Richie whined, making grabby hands toward the bowl from the other side of the couch. Stan rolled his eyes and passed the popcorn to Bill, who then passed it to Richie. The raven haired teen made a soft noise of appreciation, already stuffing a handful of the popcorn into his mouth. He dropped several pieces on his shirt, picking them up and eating them, too, when he noticed.*

*"I'm not selfish, Richie, I **just** got the popcorn away from you. You're the hog, here." Stan retorted, curling further into Bill's side, said teen snorting softly in amusement at the bickering. He knew better than to comment, so he just wrapped his arms around Stan and stayed quiet as they continued arguing going back and forth until Beverly eventually shushed them.*

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He set down the pen and stared down at the ink-filled papers with a look of resignation. He folded each of them carefully, slipping them into envelopes with a name scrawled on the front of each one - he'd leave it to Mike to write the addresses on them, he didn't have the time right now. Standing up carefully so as not to disturb the envelopes lined up long the edge of his desk, he made his way into the main bathroom and shut the door, beginning to run the bath. Stan opened the medicine cabinet above the sink and stared at the small box of razors a little bit too long before actually grabbing them and setting them down on the edge of the tub. Next he slowly undressed as if he had all the time in the world, carefully undoing the

buttons on his shirt one by one before pulling it off and folding it, setting it down on the cover of the toilet. He did this with the rest of his clothes, making a small, neat pile. He liked having things neat. He slipped off his shoes next and set them beside the toilet, now completely naked and standing in the middle of the pristine bathroom. He cleaned it regularly, always organizing the soaps and medicines by size. That's one thing that hadn't left with the rest of his memories when he moved out of Derry - his urge to clean and keep things neat. He'd figured out he had OCD at a young age, but never began taking medicine until he was older and living on his own.

Stan climbed into the tub which was filled almost to the brim with water, seating himself so he was leaning back against the cold white porcelain. The contrast in temperatures sent a shiver through him, goosebumps raising on his arms despite the rest of his body being submerged in hot water. He reached forward to turn off the taps with shaking fingers and leaned back the rest of the way until his head was touching the back of the bathtub, too. Was he really about to do this? What would Patty think? She wouldn't understand why he did it. He couldn't exactly tell her 'Hey, the reason I did this was so that I didn't have to go back to my hometown and kill a demonic clown that tried to fucking murder me when I was a kid.'

He picked up one of the razors, the object feeling heavy as he held it between his index finger and thumb. The metal was cool against his skin, thin and sharp and already cutting into his arm with the little pressure he was putting. A brief thought of 'what would *Bill* think?' passed through his head. Bill. He was so many of Stan's firsts. His first crush, first kiss, first (and only) boyfriend...It made him sad to think of all the things he'd forgotten. All the things he'd felt for Bill, all the memories they'd made, good and bad. The promises they'd made and the things they swore.

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*"S-s-swear it. Swear that if it comes back, we'll come back t-too."*

*The look Bill gave him made his heart soar, his eyes soft and apologetic as the glass cut into Stan's palm, slicing through like a warm knife in butter. It was sharp and made his hand ache, blood slowly dripping down as it welled up in and around the wound.*

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"I swear, Bill." The words were whispered into the otherwise empty bathroom, though they seemed too loud, the only sound besides the soft dripping of the water down his arm.

A familiar burning ache radiated up arm as the blades edge dug in, dragging down and splitting open the soft skin of his wrist. The motion was repeated on his other arm, blood spilling down his forearms and turning the once clear bath a vibrant red. The color reminded him of something, maybe cherry kool-aid or a fresh picked rose which had yet to wilt and die off. It was unsettling how quickly the water had become tainted, only mere seconds after the wounds were created. Stan let one arm hang over the edge of the bathtub, head resting beside it with the ghost of a smile on his lips. That smell was back, the thick coppery one that would turn anyone's stomach if they stayed near it too long. Their brain would register that it was something they should *not* be smelling (nor seeing) and they would instinctively try to cover the area it was coming from, try to keep it *in* the body where it belonged.

After a few minutes his thoughts started to blur together, head feeling light and dizzy and his vision swimming. He decided to close his eyes, hoping that the world would stop spinning around him. It didn't work, nausea pulling at his stomach and bile rising in his throat, but he didn't have the energy to get sick. His body felt heavy, a stark contrast to the way his head was all floaty and light. He felt lethargic and vaguely wondered if he could even move his body, or if it was really as weighed down as it felt, but that thought disappeared and was replaced by a darker thought. Was this what dying felt like? He couldn't feel the pain in his arms anymore which definitely wasn't a good sign and when he opened his eyes there were black spots dancing in front of his eyes. He barely heard the steps coming down the hall, everything sounding like he was listening from underwater. Was he? No, he could still breath, but it was getting harder to, he could feel his lungs constricting.

The idea of giving into the darkness that threatened to consume him was appealing, his eyelids feeling too heavy to keep open much longer, so he did. A sense of peace washed over him, overwhelming the faint sense of guilt that had been creeping in the corners of his mind. Stan let his eyes shut and felt his breathing slow as he let

himself drift off into a peaceful, quiet darkness. *I swear, Bill, I'll see you again someday. I'll apologize properly, then.*

*A crash of glass shattering and a gasp. "Oh god, Stanley! What have you done? Oh god,"*

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

This took me like a week to write , yikes

### **Author's Note:**

i don't know if i'm very happy with how this chapter turned out but i have to post it eventually , so.

i'm not a fan of writing dialogue because i don't like doing the whole ' he said ' ' he answered ' thing , so sorry if it's not very good.